Regathering poem

We gather once again, some of us in this sacred space which has been closed to us, and some of us from the sacred spaces we’ve made at home.

But all of us feeling the hope of a New Year, a better year, a happier year, a year of connection and renewal.

So as we prepare for that new year, we pray:

May we never again take for granted—

The offered handshake from a stranger new to our congregation,

A quick catch-up conversation with the people in the row behind us,

A crowded Kol Nidre.

Singing together in harmony

The sight of children going row to row with baskets of instruments,

Having a slice of challah for Shabbat,

The taste of a small cup of Kiddush grape juice,

Being in shul.

May we never again take for granted—

Breathing deeply without a mask,

Dinner inside the house with others,

Making plans for the future,

Crossing a border,

Ease of travel,

A busy airport

Riding the TTC

A birthday party with hugs

Having loved ones hold your children,

School

Sharing a sandwich

Human contact

Coffee with a friend

Physical touch

Gatherings with hot political discussions

Family

Our belief in science

Fact-based public discourse

The sacredness of connection

Life itseIf.

This year, may we become the people we wanted to be last year.

May this coming year be better than the one which has past— because of the one which has past.

May we stay strong for each other

because we have experienced weakness.

May we stay bound to each other

because we have experienced isolation.

May we stay close to each other

because we have experienced distance.

May our new normal be better than the one we think we will return to.